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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXX THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1913. NUMBER 26.

TRUE LIFE OF US

True life of us, where art thou hid away!
This ceaseless moiling in the shop and mart,
This thoughtless social mocking of the heart,
Which all-absorb our waking, year and day,
Cannot be life! At times at evening-gray,—
Faint symbol of night's solveless counterpart
Which dimly waits,—from drowsiness we start,
So fair the dream that comes, and cry, "Oh, stay!"

Perchance we first time really see a flower!
Some inward grandeur—unsuspect—makes cry!
Or others' nobleness enchains our view!
In such exquisitely informing hour
Earth's old futilities pass downcast by,
And life on sudden takes eternal hue.

JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

Tufts College, Mass.

We read that the United States Government has ordered five hundred rifles of a new model from the Colt Fire Arms Co. and that these deadly things are automatic, discharging 652 shots a minute. The gun in use is supported on a little tripod, the gunner lying on the ground. Thus do we go on inventing ever more and more rapid firing and deadly weapons to be used in killing our fellow human beings. One is moved to cry: "How long, O Lord, how long!" will the common man submit to being used as an instrument of slaughter behind these creations of mechanical skill.

We cannot advance much farther, even in progressive America, until somehow we rise to the vision, prophesied by old Zechariah, when "Holiness unto the Lord" shall be written not only upon the very bridles of the horses, but upon the hats we wear, and the shoes we travel in. In making this declaration we are not indifferent to art, or defiant to the demands of beauty, which of course is the retort of every milliner and dressmaker and every woman who would justify the fantastic, hideous creations,—judged in the light of economy and durability. The beauty that is a bar to the utilities is not beautiful.

The following editorial from the *Tribune* gives a hint of the lawless situation in Mexico. We are filled with humiliation and horror at the conviction that in the name of "liberty" and the "republic" such methods of utter barbarism can prevail in so-called civilized lands today:

Government by assassination has followed its code of morals. Francisco Madero, deposed president of Mexico, and José Pino Suarez, deposed vice-president, have been murdered. It was expected. The renegade Huerta did not dare give an aspect of formality to the assassination and call it an execution. He did not dare even administer the ironic law of the fugitive. He did not have the courage for any frank act of brutality. Madero is murdered in the streets by a strategem so transparent that through it Huerta can be seen giving orders. We have a new neighbor to the south. It is not the autocracy of Diaz. It is not the democracy of Madero. It is the Iscariotcy of Huerta. Judas is president of what we may be pleased to call our "Sister Republic."

When the Illinois Commission on Marriage and Divorce reports that "the divorce evil by its rapid and widespread growth in the United States has become a danger so deadly that it threatens not only the moral health, but the very life of the nation," it must make all who stop to consider the question, share in the growing opinion that our divorce laws can never be made adequate to meet the situation until replaced by a Uniform Federal law based on an amendment to the Constitution. Surely that is the crying need, but it is not it seems to me, the only step necessary to check this carnival of divorce! Until we get more stringent marriage laws the situation will be but little changed. It is the thoughtless ease with which young people can enter into the state of matrimony which robs it of its sanctity, and makes it just as easy to fall out, as in.

In the Twentieth Century of the Christian era we are confronted by the great paradox of civilization. Science, morals, statesmanship, religion, prophecy and poesy, with one voice call for the disarmament of nations with increasing emphasis, anxious to relegate the murder habit to where it belongs, on the lower limbs of the tree of evolution, when the earth swarmed with tigers and leopards, armed with claws, hoofs, horns and fangs. There is but one witness, which comes from the enlightened man of science, the economic student of history, or they who are confronted with the chorus of earth's saints, and still in the face of that comes the mountainous accumulations year by year, of the armaments of the world. Produced by the clamor of whom? The would-be statesmen, who offer in extenuation of this demand that the increase of armament reduces the chances of war.

The absence of the Senior Editor offers a suggestive opportunity for a sub-editorial word about the doings of Lincoln Centre. He seems to avoid any word along that line himself lest, possibly, he be accused of talking "shop." But we have no such feeling of reticence. We are glad to tell the readers of UNITY that this has been a stirring winter in the Centre. All the twenty-two departments of work going at full

swing and some things being accomplished never before successfully attained. A Mothers' Club of sixty or more members come together in the most enthusiastic spirit of receptivity and mutual helpfulness, every two weeks. Always there is a program which includes the presentation by a speaker of topics of serious import to family life, and always music, dancing and the social cup of tea. Then there are the fourteen to eighteen year old boys and girls of these same mothers,—yes, at least fifty of them, who work apart under expert leadership in clubs of various kinds, and who co-operate in dramatics, and also the enjoyment of a social evening every other week. We invite your interest and co-operation in all we do.

An exchange quotes from Sidney Lanier's Review of "Daniel Deronda" the following fine and true estimate of the Jew:

> As for me, no Jew—not even the poorest shambling clothes dealer in Harrison street—but startles me effectually out of this work-a-day world. When I look upon the face of a Jew, I seem to feel a little wind fresh from off the sea of Tiberius. I seem to receive a message which has come under the whole sea of time, from the further shores of it. This wandering person, who without a home in any nation, has yet made a literature which is at home in every nation, carries me in one direction to my mysterious brethren, the cave men, and the lake dwellers; in the other direction to the masterful Carpenter of Bethlehem, climax of our race. Until you can bring me a statesman more comprehensive in view, and more diligent in detail than Moses; until you can bring me poets more spiritual than David and him who wrote Job, until you can bring me a lover more pure or a mystic more wrapped than John; until you can bring me a man more dear and friendly and helpful and strong and human and Christly than Jesus—do not speak to me slightly of the Jew.

It is well for us to be reminded by such noble utterances as these, of the immeasurable debt of civilization to this one great race of whom, the superstition and unreason of so large a part of the world, has led to cruel persecution,—as politically in Russia today; and not a little, because of social and industrial prejudice, in our own "land of the free."

Have We Rightly Understood?

While great familiarity with a book ordinarily contributes to a good understanding of it, I am often led to envy those who never saw or heard of the New Testament—that is, to envy them the vivid impression they are able to get from a first reading. Who has not found that knowing the gospel, or considerable parts of it, by heart may be a hindrance rather than a help to any just apprehension of its significance? With the words a certain fixed interpretation of them is apt to become stereotyped upon the mind, and this, inasmuch as the interpretations unhappily are many and various, stands a correspondingly unhappy chance of being mistaken. Not that a person of equal native acumen coming fresh to the reading and all unaided by commentators would be sure to grasp the meaning of a passage better than we do, but that he would get a livelier impression and escape a deal of fog.

Take any passage bearing upon any question at issue between any two of a score of sects, as, for instance: "He that believeth and is baptized will be saved, and he that believeth not will be damned," and note how blind each side is to the view of the other. The same words yield two widely diverse, mutually exclusive meanings. So wherever scripture passes for authority enough to give any importance whatever to an exegesis, remarkably irreconcilable, even contradictory exegeses appear. Each party, more or less unconsciously, more or less honestly, deepens and strengthens its peculiar view by a constant emphasis of passages obviously favorable thereto, and by lightly passing over the mass of what is unfavorable, wresting as with a *tour de force,* that is, fairly turning wrong side out, here and there, a proof text of its adversaries.

The method of liberals is not to quarrel with adverse scripture, not to put it to torture, but simply to ignore it, making use persistently of what they can find accordant with their conceptions. Rarely does a liberal preacher take the "scripture lesson" solidly from the bible and plow straight through a chapter. Too often he would find that exceedingly risky. Too many rocks in the way, icebergs, sandbanks and what not. He selects judiciously, skipping freely, steering around obstacles with more than the adroitness of the ocean navigator. In a way the method is no doubt morally and religiously edifying; but it does nothing toward giving the listeners real acquaintance with any book of the bible taking that book as a whole. On the contrary it tends to a partial, one-sided, misleading acquaintance. Even the preacher himself is apt to miss any fair and full estimate of the gospel of which he is called a minister by an intermitting stress upon the parts, rather few and far between, which are charged with his own favorite ideas. The figure of Jesus, for example, for liberal preachers and people is formed in the mind of each individual on that individual's conception of what constitutes a perfect man—not by any means on the presentation made of him in the gospels taken as a whole. Far the greater part of these writings the liberal hardly ever reads or hears read. If he ever so much as opens the New Testament it is to find a passage for which he has a predilection. He reveres the character of Jesus, but takes no interest in the bulk of what is said about him. He skips whatever in the record does not tally with his own preconceived notion of the man, skips the miracle stories, skips whatever seems to him incredible, irrational, illogical. All this, he contends, is to be set aside, either as interpolation or as misapprehension of the reporters due to the general superstition of the time. Everything must give way before the Jesus-conception which the liberal has formed in his own head.

In the face of this attitude so universal among us

the fact is undeniable that we are dependent upon the gospels for all that we claim to know about Jesus. This being the case, the obviously rational course is to seek first and seek diligently what idea of him the gospel writers intend to convey. If on close examination of what they have to say about him we are driven to think that they were mistaken in their data; if they were blundering on every page of their narrative, telling us for fact what for the most part never happened; if they are open to the charge of generally representing the Master for what he was not,—then the endeavor to get at the truth about him is hopeless, utterly hopeless. Not by assuming that he was this or that, and accepting in the accounts only what supports the assumption, are we at all furthered in our quest. The one thing to do with any hope of discovering what the gospel story means to tell us of its Hero, is to dispossess ourselves as far as may be of our prepossessions, and with the least possible bias read the story as told by one of the synoptists from end to end. Needless to say most of us will be astonished at what comes to light in such a reading. One may as well take Mark, probably the oldest of the three, certainly the most intelligible and the one likely to be the choice of most readers in that it is the shortest. Something less than sixteen thousand words, it can be perused with some deliberation in an hour or two. Who cannot afford to give an hour or two to an honest effort to get at the whole content of this little book, considering that it has been held, and is still very generally held, to be a word of God handed down from heaven.

To the liberal not strongly biased, not blinded by inordinate prejudice, the very first verse of this second gospel is an eye-opener. As he goes on with the reading and finds Jesus coming into view in full maturity, without father, without mother, without birth or adolescence, publicly signaled in the open day by a voice out of the heavens, and entering at once upon the performance of stupendous miracles, curing all kinds of disease, even the most incurable, setting the dumb to speak, giving new feet to the lame, new eyes to the blind, walking on the sea as though it were a paved street, stilling a tempest, even raising the dead, the liberal reader, having in his mind the least respect for the text, finds himself having more and more overwhelming difficulty with the assumption in which he has been nurtured and which he has brought to this reading—the assumption to wit, that we have here the story of a real man. The difficulty is heightened by the way this character is made to speak of himself. The whole atmosphere of the piece is supernatural; the central figure is deific; swarming around are demons and angels.

One rises from the reading with the conviction that the story needs to be considered from a fresh point of view, with the distinct aim, untrammeled by any preconceived notion, to make out what the Hero was in the mind of the writer, what all the numerous and astounding marvels related were intended to signify. Questions come up which go to the very fundamentals. How much of all this is symbolism? How much have we here that may fairly be considered historical? What shall we think of the leading character about whom the interest centers? Have we to do here with an actual person, or with a Hero of a religious drama?

Whoever shall answer these questions for himself in a way differing from the conventional will then find himself confronted by these further questions: What is now to be said of the nature of Jesus? Must it not be said that the two views that have divided the Christian world for eighteen centuries, the view that he was simply a man, and the view that he was at once God and man, are alike mistaken? May we not be forced to think that to the minds of the gospel writers and to those to whom they first addressed themselves—with whom it is not too hard for us to concur—the Hero of the story was neither man nor God-man, but God alone, the Eternal and Invisible, seen only in visions, preceived only in the depths of the soul, represented by symbols, dramatically portrayed moving about among men, wielding authority over mind and matter?

To such reflections the new *Ecce Deus* calls us. Reader, have you read the book? It is the work of Professor William Benjamin Smith of Tulane University: Open Court Publishing Company.

——— NEWTON MANN.

What is the Answer?

"Where there is no vision the people perish" is the thought suggested by the following article which we quote from our esteemed contemporary the *Universalist Leader*. We cannot, however, share the anxiety implied, that the abolition of war, and the coming in of a day of social and industrial readjustment, when the spirit of peace and co-operation prevailed, might destroy the "occasion" or remove the incentive for noble and heroic action. We believe that it is daily being demonstrated that neither "war," "commerce," nor "industrialism" is to be the watchword of progress and the inspiration of high thinking and great deeds in the future. That watchword is to be "brotherhood," with all the comradeship that is implied by that intimate term. This sense of oneness in a common family is growing now, and from that point of sympathy society is already coming to judge the sordid conditions of life, and is being moved to emotions deeper, more profound and far reaching than any aroused by the spirit of war. We believe that love is stronger than hate, that unselfishness is true and greed is false, and therefore the advent of a time when these stronger

and finer principles take hold upon men's minds must surely bring into play the new emotions, aspirations, and ambitions, commensurate with the higher ideal of life, social and industrial. Does not the difficulty lie in our inability to realize that a great passion for the *well-being of humanity* can take hold of the common life, in a way as potent as do the passions aroused in times of war, or those moving men in the acquisition of wealth. In all countries today we find that the "good-will passion" is alive and more and more expressing itself in organized purpose to put down the forces of injustice, greed, political oppression and social ostracism, which create the very conditions amid which people "die of soot and slime, bad sewerage, infected tenements, exposed machinery" and all the other ills that menace daily the lives of our working men and women; yea, and alas, little children also! Let us not hesitate to help onward the day of universal peace and civic righteousness through any fear that manhood and womanhood will be less verile and fine, wanting the prod of individual or national prejudices and antagonisms, or competitive strife. If evolution in ethics means anything, it seems to us to mean sure progress out of that state, closely allied to the brute, where war is needed to stimulate ambition, or where the love of money must be dominant to move men to action; out of that state, into one in which the appeal of the helpless, the needy, the sick and the sorrowful will sound as a clarion voice to noble endeavor; and wherein to be able to contribute one great benefit to the universal family, giving added opportunity, wealth and happiness will form an incentive to heroism as much greater, as love is greater than hate.

One of the commonest criticisms of socialism is that it would destroy the incentive to effort. That incentive at present is associated with the accumulation of property. If interest, rent and profit are elminated what incentive is there for one to put forth effort, practice self-denial and provide against the future? Every careful and candid friend of socialism must admit that if the co-operative commonwealth is to breed good citizens and strong men it must provide some motive, some pull, which will take the place of and be as powerful as the present motives of acquisitiveness and selfishness.

One of the last public addresses deliverd by Professor William James was an illuminting discussion of war and peace. Professor James was earnestly opposed to war. He was a keen critic of the war spirit. But he was also a trained psychologist, and many of the critics of war are not. He understood the influence of powerful emotions on the development of character. He understood that certain vital and beneficent emotions rise to the surface of experience in war. He stated that the romantic, idealistic, chivalric, the unselfish, the heroic passions are brought into play in armed conflicts. Sacrifices and devotion seemed to Professor James supremely important permanent necessities in the growth of humanity. Without them mankind would lapse into a low, mean, selfish state of existence. How to carry these emotions over from war to peace, how to keep them alive in the midst of our commercialized industrialism, was the question which Professor James tried to answer in his address.

We are not concerned here with any criticism or defence of socialism or war. We use these two illustrations for the purpose of formulating one of the principles of progress which must be recognized everywhere. This principle of progress can be stated in simple words, although in its application it is most complex. It involves two propositions. First, every state of society, however crude, brutal or savage, furnished certain powerful emotions which were associated with the condition of that specific state of society. Second, every advance in civilization repressed and crushed and destroyed the operations and effects of certain cruder or lower emotions. The savage roamed abroad and took his loot wherever he found it. When the shepherd came along with his flocks he pushed the looter back. When the plowman turned his furrow the nomadic herdsman had to stop his foraging. Each time the world changed it prohibited the play of certain powerful emotions. Each time the new society had to furnish the motive energy of new emotions. Until new emotions more powerful than the old ones came into play no social progress was possible.

Through all the progress of the world, through all the changes of civilization, certain emotions have been permanent. Not only have they been permanent but they have increased mightily in importance. Only yesterday these permanent and prophetic emotions seemed inseparable from war. The heroism and devotion of men, the sacrifice and consecration of women, how these have illumined the world in times of war! And now war is under the ban. Armed conflicts must cease. The hellish carnage of battlefields is an anachronism. Commerce is king. Industrialism is the sign by which we are to conquer. The stomach and the dollar have supplanted the uniforms and guns. Society is engaged in an endless, exhausting struggle for wealth or wage. In these new times the old virtues must survive or new and noble ones be brought into play, else we shall slump.

Society never had a greater problem on its hands than this one which we are outlining. Go look at the hovels and the shops, the market-places and the factories, the rushing crowd and the savages lying in wait for the unwary. Then ask yourself what there is heroic, chivalric, idealistic in most of it. Set down and write the prescription for heroism and devotion and sacrifice and consecration for those multitudes who toil on endlessly in this terrible grind. Then get back to the original proposition. Restate it to your own soul. Society must furnish finer emotions, nobler impulses, loftier inspiration for mankind if a new and nobler age is to be born. To die of soot and slime, bad sewage, infected tenements, exposed machinery, lead poisoning, exploded mine dust, and ten thousand other fatal disorders of an industrial age is no better than to die in one hour of exalted enthusiasm for a great cause. If we are to end war and bring in the dawn of peace we must learn how to illumine the dull, gray, somber colors of the day's work with visions of honor, glory, devotion and chivalry. For, after all, these are the things for which men really care when they really think down or up to the center of existence. And these are the things which will ultimately shape the conduct of men in spite of all the careful and nice reasoning of those who shudder at the untamed savage in humanity. When passions are aroused, as they are certain to be sooner or later, they laugh at our stall-fed ethics. The moral leaders of society must harness and use the fundamental passions of men, or their passions will laugh at them some day. W.

A BIRTHDAY SONNET

Another twelvemonth gone. It cannot be.
Only last night, or mayhap yester morn,
Was ushered in a stronger year, new born,
And heralded a birthday gift to me.

Another—and the last but just begun.
How swift they come, how swiftly pass away.
Fain would I stretch my hand and bid this stay,
Till I complete its tasks as yet undone.

Another year fresh from the hand of God.
Upon its threshold let me pause and lift
Myself expectant up. The morrow's plod
Let me forget, and all past burdens shift,
Shake myself free from touch of sullying clod,
And, reaching out, accept my Father's gift.

GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP.

Santa Ana, California.

Reproach not Death, nor charge to him, in wonder,
The lives that he doth separate awhile,
But think how many hearts that ache, asunder,
Death—pitying Death—doth join and reconcile!

—*Florence Earle Coates.*

THE PULPIT

RELIGION

Rev. E. Alfred Coil,
Marietta, Ohio.

Thinking people are agreed that something cannot proceed from nothing. To account for material forms it becomes necessary to posit eternal matter. But matter alone is devoid of the faculty of perception. To account for a sentient being it becomes necessary to posit eternal sentience. At that point we are face to face with God, the "directing Mind" of the universe, and Father of all mankind. Although failing, in many cases, to conceive of God as universal Father, the theistic concept is, in some form, almost coextensive with man. Believing in God, man believes that He is the Author of his being, the Source from which he came, and that fact makes religion, in some form, inevitable and permanent.

One of the greatest concerns on the part of men has ever been to establish and maintain right relations between himself and his God. In that great concern lies, on the human side, the foundation of all forms of religion, a foundation as broad and as enduring as the questions: Whence are we? What are our relationships and duties? What is our destiny? On the God side there is the universal brooding Spirit striving ever with man to bring him up to his best and fit him to be a partaker "of His holiness." Having sprung from the same source, there is a brotherhood of all forms of religions just as truly as there is a brotherhood of man. Recognition of that relationship or brotherhood of the different forms of religion, and earnest consideration of the noble principles they possess in common will go far toward bringing about mutual respect, mutual helpfulness and peace throughout the world.

Although many people sincerely believe that God's revelation of truth has been accorded a favored few who were commissioned to go and preach it to all nations, that belief is not justified, either by reason or facts. If the Jewish and Christian scriptures that constitute our Bible are the only source of information concerning man's origin, relations to God and his duty and destiny, then the universal loving Father has left about six hundred and fifty-four, out of every one thousand of His children, in darkness even until now. To say that we believe in the universal fatherhood of God and then insist upon special revelations to a favored few is to put ourselves in a ridiculous and untenable position. In their endeavors to extricate themselves from the difficulties incident to declaring belief in God as the Father of all mankind, and at the same time holding to the old idea of a special revelation to a favored few, some have argued that God revealed His truth to the Jews and early Christians exclusively, because they were the only ones fitted to receive it. That argument does violence to the idea of true fatherhood. A just and loving earthly parent does not neglect his more ignorant small children because he happens to have sons and daughters in college. Then a careful reading of other sacred books than the Bible brings out clearly the fact that noble men, moved by the Holy Spirit, have spoken in every age and in every inhabited country of the world.

As to sacred scriptures, the ancient Egyptians had their Book of the Dead; the Scandinavians their Eddas; the Brahmans have their Vedas; the Buddhists their Tripitaka; the Parsees their Zend-Avesta; the Chinese their book called Kings; the Jews their scriptures, known to us as the Old Testament, the Christians theirs, known to us as the New Testament, and the Mohammedans their Koran. Millions of people outside of Christendom read their sacred books with precisely the same feeling of reverence and assurance that characterize the most devout Bible readers in Christian lands.

A few quotations will show that the loftiest and most inspiring utterances in our Bible have parallels in other sacred books:

"I know how beautiful are the arms which announce glory for me, and the white crown which is lifted up by the divine Uraei. Oh, thou Gate-keeper of Him who pacifieth the world, let that be brought to me of which oblations are made, and grant that the floors may be a support for me, and that the glorious God may open to me His arms."—*Book of the Dead.*

"The great Lord of these worlds sees as if He were near. Wise and mighty are the works of Him who stemmed asunder the wide firmaments. He lifted on high the bright and glorious heaven; He stretched out apart the starry sky and the earth."—*Vedas.*

"And he lets his mind pervade one quarter of the world with thoughts of love, and so the second, and so the third, and so the fourth. And thus the whole wide world, above, below, around, and everywhere, does He continue to pervade with heart of love, far-reaching, grown great, and beyond measure."—*Tripitaka.*

"Blessed is he, blessed are all men to whom the living wise God, of His own command, should grant those two everlasting powers, immortality and purity. I believe Thee, oh God, to be the best thing of all, the source of light for the world." —*Zend-Avesta.*

"Worship as though the Deity were present. If my mind is not engaged in my worship, it is as though I worshipped not. What I do not wish men to do to me I also wish not to do to men."—*Kings.*

"Say there is one God alone, God the eternal; He begetteth not and He is not begotten, and there is none like unto Him. Oh, my son! observe prayer, and enjoin the right and forbid the wrong, and be patient under whatever shall betide thee."—*Koran.*

Analysis of the different forms of religion discloses in them sacrificial, dogmatic and ethical elements. Sometimes one is in the ascendency, and sometimes another. In the mind of the prophet Micah, who declared that the requirements of the Lord were that a man should do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with his God, the religio-ethical element was in the ascendency as against the religio-sacrificial and religio-dogmatic. The sacrificial and dogmatic are given no place in the Ten Commandments. A careful study of the utterances attributed to Jesus, especially the Sermon on the Mount, shows that in his mind the religio-ethical was always in the ascendency over the religio-sacrificial and the religio-dogmatic. When the religio-sacrificial dominates the people, robbers of widows and orphans seek justification through costly offerings taken to the altar. When the religio-dogmatic is in the ascendency, inquisitions thrive. When the religio-ethical is widely approved and accepted, and righteousness prevails, the people are prosperous and happy. History and present-day observations make this so clear that the religio-ethical is commending itself more and more to thoughtful people, and the whole civilized world is now moving toward the position that there is an all-seeing One, the universal Father "whom the sun, moon and stars obey, and under whose watchful care even comets perform their stupendous revolu-

tions, who pervades the inmost recesses of the human heart, and will reward us according to our merits."

Statistics show that, as compared to those who place the primary emphasis upon sacrifice or dogma in religion, a much smaller per cent of those who place that emphasis upon character is ever haled before the courts to answer to criminal charges. A study of the lives and utterances of those who have accepted the religio-ethical, as against the religio-sacrificial or religio-dogmatic, shows that such religion is both inspiring and comforting. Sarah Flower Adams, author of that uplifting hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, Collyer, and many others whose lives were noble, and whose writings have proven so helpful in health, so comforting in sickness and death, all believed in the religio-ethical rather than the religio-sacrificial or religio-dogmatic.

In an address recently delivered before the Unitarian Club of Boston, Charles W. Eliot, ex-president of Harvard University, born and trained in Unitarian or religio-ethical principles, said that when he was sick in Kandy, Ceylon, on his recent trip around the world, that for two weeks it was doubtful whether he would recover; but he found his religious faith an ample support, as he believed the members of the Unitarian Club would find it when they came face to face with death. Better for the world in daily life, comforting in sickness and death, there is occasion for rejoicing that the religio-ethical promises soon to completely supplant both the religio-sacrificial and the religio-dogmatic in the life of mankind.

Henry Churchill King, president of Oberlin College, says: "The religious education of the future will be inclined, one judges, to lay new emphasis upon the Reformation ideal of duty to God through duty to man, and in a still more intimate sense than our fathers conceived, it will find the will of God in the law of duty. The ethical thus gains the warmth and concreteness of a personal Will." Some of our churches, and nearly all of our great secret and fraternal orders, are already on the religio-ethical basis, and others are moving rapidly toward it, and a new age, one that will be characterized by deep and sincere reverence for God and mutual service among men, is at hand. This is something, once it is thoroughly understood, to stir the blood of both young and old, and create such a genuine and effective enthusiasm for religious work as the world has never yet known.

Marietta, Ohio.

I love to think of the church of the future that it is to be a church not of minimums, as some one has said, but of maximums; that it is to be the church into which every great Christian communion shall bring its own distinguishing glory, its own peculiar excellence, make its own contribution, which in the providence of God and under the guidance of His spirit, it has wrought out through its separate existence as an independent body. *Rev. Alexander Mann.*

The Congregationalist.

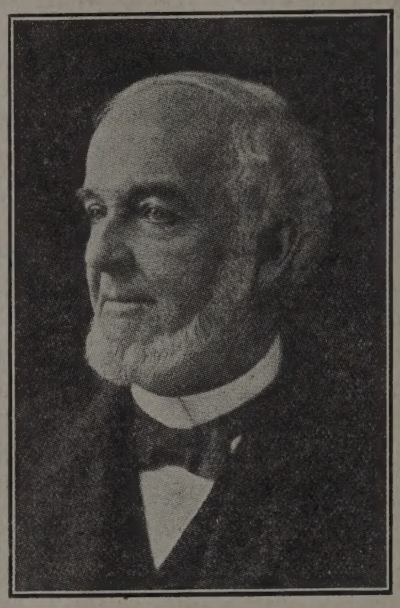
There are many kinds of love, as many kinds of light,
And every kind of love makes a glory in the night.
There is love that stirs the heart, and love that gives it rest,
But the love that leads life upward is the noblest and the best.

Henry van Dyke

Albert K. Smiley

A remodeler of mountains, a denouncer of the world's military malfeasance and a tireless teacher was Albert K. Smiley, who entered the dawn of death at his winter home in Redlands, California, the fore part of December.

The life of this lover of forests and fraternity, of rocks and religion, will ever be linked with the traditions of the Shawangunk Mountains of eastern New



York and particularly with Lake Mohonk—the lake of the sky. But should that material memory grow dim or be supplanted by commonplace and less worthy memories, his name will still be whispered with reverence wherever men seriously assemble to discuss either the wants of Dependent Peoples or the follies of Independent Peoples: for a hundred thousand men and women lament his departure. Seldom, in these days of specialization, does it fall to the lot of one man to mould both landscapes and the thought of his time and do both equally well. But Mr. Smiley did both.

What was at first just a plain teacher, embarking in the hotel business, proved to be morals applied to business, for, in 1869, there was situated on the present site of the great Mohonk Mountain House, a small dive dedicated to dancing, drink and debauchery. When patrons became too intoxicated and too hard to manage, the proprietor used to chain them to trees and, in that way, maintain order. The unsavory reputation of this isolated spot had to be lived down, and in spite of numerous protestations that a successful hotel could not be there established without catering to a doubtful element, Mr. Smiley went ahead, prohibited the sale and importation of liquor, discouraged card playing and dancing and, today, the two hundred acre purchase is a five thousand acre estate. Roads have been blasted from perpendicular rock surfaces. More than a thousand rest houses have been built at scenic points. Tennis, croquet and golf are now played where before were rugged rock wastes. A twenty-acre garden of flowers and shrubs now occupies the space of what was thought to be an untamable jungle. So, truly, may it be said that Mr. Smiley's only passion was gardening.

But the hotel keeper was always subordinate to the teacher. The hotel was his hobby,—a mere incident in the receiving and distribution of moneys; his main work was for public uplift, to smooth away wrinkles from the brow of care, to change the sob and moan into a song, to wipe away tears and to pin upon the coat of man a jewel of joy. It was his love for humanity first, and for nature second,—the one supplementing the other, that made him the great benefactor.

And he used his money as well as his mind, for good. In 1879 Mr. Smiley was appointed by President Hayes to the Board of Indian Commissioners. Wishing conscientiously to discharge his duties and desiring that the best thought of the time be applied to the problem, he called to Mohonk, in 1883, the first Conference of Friends of the Indians. Recommendations made at his own doorstep passed into actual legislation, and as the problems of the Indian grew fewer, the conference was enlarged to include other Dependent Peoples.

This alone was a great achievement worthy of the highest mention. But he was not content, for red-cheeked war roamed unrestricted over the world, wantonly ravishing, despoiling, breeding disease, collecting its tributes, murdering men,— and all to settle international disputes. So, at a time when international arbitration was not fully accepted even by thinking men, Mr. Smiley came forth and shouted for it from the mountain top. In June, 1895, he invited about fifty of his personal friends to Mohonk to give consideration to the problem. The Eighteenth Conference, held last May, numbered five hundred and brought together statesmen, diplomats, jurists, ministers, educators and business men from all over the world.

But this industrious humanitarian was not content with even these great conferences; their worth and work must be more extensive. Therefore he cast about to find competent, permanent secretaries. In the selection made he showed the same foresight displayed in all his successful ventures, and now Mr. Henry S. Haskins is in charge of the Indian and Dependent Peoples office and H. C. Phillips supervises the arbitration department. The enthusiasm of these two efficient secretaries makes it possible for the influence of the conferences to reach all parts of the world, to business men, to Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade.

Still not content, Mr. Smiley became identified with many other peace and arbitration movements and was one of the administrators of Andrew Carnegie's gift of ten million dollars for the cause of international peace.

This wonderful man saw what could be made of a lake on the top of a mountain and he made it. He saw the needs of the Indian and lived to see instituted much needed improvements. He saw the illogic of nations settling their disputes by killing their best citizens and hoped, with the hope of a saint, that the world's leaders would see the better way, and his disappointment at not seeing the fruition of his hopes was most keen. He was weary of conventions that convene and adjourn without something done for progress. He would not be ruled by the skeleton hand of the past.

So it was that the rare thought-flowers of Mohonk have been strewn along the dusty highway of the world and will be preserved because they came from Mr. Smiley's garden. He was not content with making Mohonk a spot fit for the gods; he would have made a pleasure resort of the world, for he would have relegated war to the institutions of the inquisition.

Were love of man for man and the absence of hate in the human heart the basis for selection of international public officials, Mr. Smiley would have been better known. But he was just a public benefactor. His life has been sown. May his kind forever multiply.

Harry E. Hunt.

From Progression for February, 1913.

The Voice from the Pew

At the close of the morning service "The Voice" heard one person remark: "Well! While Mr. Jones has always preached fine sermons, it seems that he has surpassed himself the past season, and *this* one was surely the fitting climax." To which utterance "The Voice" eagerly assents. For over sixteen years "The Voice" has been listening to the annual Lincoln study by our pastor, and each year I find myself wondering *what* he can find left to say—each study seemed so superfine and exhaustive. But each year has seemed to surpass its predecessor. When the time comes for these studies of Mr. Jones to be put in book form they will constitute the most valuable contribution to Lincolniana, I believe of any, unless it be those of Nicolay and Hay, and I am not sure but in many points they will surpass those of the two secretaries, from whose works Mr. Jones so aptly quoted this morning.

As he read the words of the great man as recalled by his secretaries—words uttered when but a stripling of twenty-three to twenty-seven, I thought of all the youths of that age that I know, and the comparison was not very favorable to the present time. True, we never know our capabilities until the supreme test comes, but I greatly fear me that *this* age, fifty years hence, will not produce a mountain peak in history comparable to the man whom this morning our pastor likened to that beautiful, poetical peak, Mt. Tacoma. And here must "The Voice" exclaim, as it could not in the pew —but refrained only with the greatest difficulty— Bravo! for naming it Tacoma instead of Ranier. *Why* do we weakly yield up our native or logical nomenclature to any buccaneering traveler that thinks he'd like *his* name perpetuated? As our pastor explained this morning, "Tacoma" has its own reason for living, as the Indians had so poetically named it years before Ranier was born. Some years ago "The Voice" had a pleasant conversation with young Chief Seattle, a lineal descendant of the old Chief Tahobet, whose people had christened the mountain with the significant title "Nourishing Mother-feeder of Rivers,"—the meaning of Tacoma, as related by Mr. Jones this morning. Chief Seattle plead for the retention of the old and true name, and the writer promised that she would never let pass an opportunity to "speak up" for "Tacoma" and to do all in her power to spread abroad the true name. Perhaps, in the dim, distant future our geographies may print it "Tacoma," and Ranier's memory shall be kept green by some other method. Let us hold to our truly significant names from city to state and nation, and thus teach history from another angle.

VIVA VOCE.

Meadville Letter

The important thing to report from the Meadville school is the eventful "convocation week" which has just come to its close. Your readers may remember that the plan was adopted two years ago of setting aside a week at mid-year during which all the usual exercises of the school should be suspended in order that we might listen to lectures given by distinguished scholars from different parts of the country. The plan proved so successful that it was again carried out this year.

This year courses of lectures were given by Dr. Crothers, the well known preacher and essayist of Cambridge, Dr. Hugh Black of Union Theological Seminary, Professor Thomas N. Carver of Harvard University, and Professor Geo. B. Foster of the University of Chicago.

Dr. Crothers' lectures dealt with the preacher's use of such literary forms as the allegory, the drama and romance. Many of us who listened to Dr. Crothers' own brilliant and inimitable use of these literary means of persuasion are hoping that he will write out his lectures and publish them in permanent form. It is quite impossible to reproduce their effect in this brief letter.

Dr. Black spoke in four lectures of the "Teaching of Jesus." He dealt mainly with Jesus teaching concerning God and how Jesus' experience of God's fatherhood did involve for him the accepting of all its consequences in human brotherhood. Dr. Black applied the teaching of Jesus to the present time and told us how Jesus, were he among us today, would take very seriously his experience of human brotherhood and would go about damning such practices as war and child-labor. He wouldn't "let off steam," as some of us now do, by collecting and quoting statistics. He would go straight toward and against certain abuses of the existence of which we are all perfectly well aware and he wouldn't let up until either these abuses were stopped or he himself was again crucified.

Dr. Foster lectured on the religion of Zola, Ibsen, Maeterlinck and Tolstoi. By a careful analysis of the works of these great masters of literary expression Dr. Foster showed that though they were in no sense formalists nor system-makers yet they had the essense of religion in them. They, each in his own way, had a grasp of life in its reality and in its entirety which may justly be called religious in the truest sense of that term. We hope Professor Foster will bring his lectures together in book form. They can not be reproduced even in outline here.

Dr. Carver lectured on various phases of the question of social justice. The thesis underlying all his lectures was that the "productive life" is the religious life. You may be sure a farmer, e. g., has really got religion if he is a more productive farmer; or a mechanic if he turns out better piece-work; or a physician if he is more diligent in the healing of disease; and so on. Seek first this kingdom of heaven (the "productive life") and all other things will be added unto you: the productive farmer prospers beyond his slothful neighbor, the diligent mechanic gets a raise in his wages, the busy physician has more collectible bills, and so on. Dr. Carver applied this thesis to such vexing questions as the "distribution of wealth," the place of legislation in social reform, the nature of religion and morality when defined in terms of the "productive life," and the place of the church in social reform.

On Friday morning of the week Rev. Samuel R. Maxwell of Greenfield, Mass., lectured to the students and visiting ministers on the very practical subject of "parish methods."

The lectures were all given upon the Adin Ballou foundation. It has been a week full of impressive and stimulating messages.

Vitalizing History

A recent circular letter issued by the Department of Education of the American Unitarian Association, in which a request is made for criticism of the Unitarian Sunday School publications, has aroused me to make a brief statement of some experiments in Sunday School teaching performed by me while in Ann Arbor with considerable success.

My experience with Sunday Schools being about nil, I approached the subject without the customary bias. I felt that the Sunday School problem was just a part of the more general problem of education with which we are struggling today with results so meager as to be disheartening to all who have not realized the magnitude of the task before us.

Now in regard to Sunday School, it seemed perfectly iniquitous to give to our already over-burdened school children another set of weekly tasks to be pored over, and it also seemed absurd to imitate the more or less mechanical methods of the week-day schools, especially in the case of a subject so vital as history. I therefore decided to introduce a sort of biblical dramatics which would obviate the defects just alluded to and which I hoped would encourage self-expression in the children. My class of about eight pupils, ranging from six to eight years, spent three-quarters of an hour with me every Sunday morning. I told them a Bible story, then one of the children was asked to repeat it *in his own words*. Then all the children took parts and played the story, while I acted as stage manager whenever necessary. The children used no books except for the sake of the illustrations which they might contain, and my stories were taken directly from the Bible with only such qualifications or omissions as seemed helpful.

We began with those parables that had some dramatic movement. We assaulted the man whom the good Samaritan found later and rescued. The foolish virgins slept with their empty lamps and were thrown into hopeless confusion by the coming of the bridegroom. To all this the children took with great avidity and soon I was delighted by seeing one eight-year-old boy *spontaneously*, seriously and diligently picking imaginary grapes and packing them in equally imaginary baskets. He was a laborer in the vineyard; he had been working all day and was prepared to "kick" when the communistic grape grower should pay out his "equal wage." After the parables we began with Abraham and played right down through the centuries to Saul and Samuel.

By this time the older pupils began to demand a play in which they too might take part. I corresponded with many persons in my search for biblical plays, mysteries and so forth, but without result, and I therefore wrote a play myself. Subsequently I received a

communication from Miss Marian Dudley Richards to the effect that one could obtain at the Pilgrim Press, 14 Beacon Street, a set of twelve biblical dramas arranged by Rev. Harris S. Hale and Newton M. Hall at fifteen cents a copy. I called my play "The Triumph of David." It had a cast that took in all the children. It was long and difficult, but the children took to it from the start. For the first time they began really to work. It was a short, hard grind with rehearsals at the end, but the final production was a great success. The three Sundays following the play were spent in talking it over together and criticising the events and characters. By this device we found out the depth and character of the impression made upon the children. Some of us had worked very hard over that play—it was our first—but the results abundantly repaid us.

Of course it seems presumptuous to recommend a method of teaching to anyone else. What works with one teacher won't work with another. And besides it takes intelligence in the teacher to evoke intelligence, self-expression, originality in a child and, granting that we have such a teacher, the method is of relatively trivial importance. Nevertheless inasmuch as some intelligent teachers may have a hankering after the dramatic method but may not have the courage to overturn the curriculum to try it, I write to add perhaps the last word necessary to induce that teacher to try the experiment.

Ganges, Mich. PERCY M. DAWSON, M. D.

Statesmanship or Battleship

Justice Brewer said a few years ago: "Seven hundred and twenty-seven active and retired army and navy officers live in Washington and are making it a military and naval center."

This is five times as many as all our Federal Court judges in the country. These gentlemen, valiant and efficient as they are in the war time, are technicians, not statesmen. They are clever in mathematics, understand the trajectory of projectiles and the possibilities of dynamite, steel and hardtack, and other ponderable and purchasable munitions of warfare.

They are the last persons, however, to know the nation's real dangers or to decide at whom they should turn the nation's guns or when to fire, although when that it once decided they would be relied on to do the work.

In like manner, the one best fitted to make your coat, or the architect best fitted to build your house is the last person to decide whteher you need or can afford either. Soldiers are not expected to be statesmen, and it is only when they try to deal with statesmens' problems that a layman ventures to criticise them.

The statesman must consider all dangers threatening his country—fire, disease, poverty, ignorance, vice—as well as possible danger from foreign foes. In regard to the latter, he must consider not merely perishable dreadnoughts, but many psychological problems. War depends almost wholly on what suspicions, prejudices, misinformation and false political and economic philosophy are in men's minds.

School histories often exaggerate and perpetuate hostilities. There is the influence of subsidized "armor-plate press," of the lobbyists, paid by men drawing dividends from the manufacture of weapons; the men who sell rations and equipments and want large contracts—all who are artificially creating war scares and talking pseudo-patriotism of the jingo sort in this and other countries.

He must know how much to discount all these. He must know what Arbitration, Commission of Inquiry, and Mediation have done; what may be achieved by neutralization, by peace budgets and conciliation, by interchange of lectures and similar measures. He must know that the introduction of Jefferson's principle of non-intercourse as a part of international law may be more compelling on a recalcitrant nation than a fleet.

Of all these things the militarist, that is, the believer that a nation's chief defence is force, is but faintly conscious. He attributes no validity to them.

These naturally seem remote, fantastic matters to one who has focused his whole attention for twenty or thirty years on the sole problem of killing foreign foes, and who has a keen pride in his profession. Few military men can content themselves with mere maneuvers and war "games." They are always preternaturally on the outlook for that trouble which gives them opportunity. The soldier no more believes that national defence can be secured by other methods than his own than did schoolmasters seventy-five years ago believe that in New York City not a ruler or switch would be employed today on any of its great army of school children. They would have said: "We know children, and you can't change human nature." Times have changed, not only in making all the implements of war more destructive and costly, but in supplying substitutes for war which ordinary business men engaged in normal life can estimate far better than the military specialists.

Even an ordinary woman can see that our defence must be proportioned to our danger, not Germany's or Turkey's, but *ours*. Where we stand low down in a list of probable danger, why should we be vain of our bad eminence in standing second as a naval power? We might as well be proud of not being compelled to be in the van in this natianal race toward bankruptcy, and count it a glory to be able to take our former position as sixth or seventh in this tax-compelling contest.

The Secretary of the Navy asks this winter for three new battleships, and the Naval Committee demands four. In addition to the scandalous increase of pensions, wholly unneeded, as our veterans are becoming fewer, we are asked to add $34,000,000 extra this winter to our former burdens.

Captain Hobson, who works night and day to increase our naval outgo, comes from the State of Alabama, in which five little children out of eight, both black and white, have no schooling whatever. Some other states have almost as shocking a record. We can do nothing to save these future citizens from poverty and vice and from menacing our property, but we are quite capable of being bullied into paying $34,000,000 extra for short-lived dreadnoughts!

The $15,000,000 that was voted for the last dreadnought could have saved from degradation from three to five hundred thousand children. It would have given to replant our vanished forests three times as much as, after herculean efforts, was granted by the Weeks bill. Our national Department of Education has begged for a paltry $75,000 to increase its powers in these days of necessary attention to vocational and industrial training. But, no, not one cent more can be allowed for

our children, and we must starve and scrimp and go without the bare necessities of national life that the ceaseless clamor of the 727 army and navy men who see only one kind of danger, and that a non-existent, hypothetical one, may leave our government again, as in one recent year, only twenty-eight per cent of its revenue for constructive purposes.

It is time for our club women to know and tell their husbands that since the agreement at the Second Hague Conference in 1907, *no unfortified places can be bombarded,* and every inch of our coast is protected either by fortifications or by this agreement. To prevent landing of troops mines may be planted, as these are not considered fortifications.

Every inch of our coast is now protected, as was not the case during the Spanish-American war, even were our fleet at the antipodes.

Lucia Ames Mead.

From the American Club Woman.

The Secession of the Southern States

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF A SOUTHERN STUDENT.

On the causes that led up to the secession of the Southern States I wish to touch but lightly. Some of the seed from which we reaped such a harvest of bloody grain were originated at the framing of the constitution; others were imported from Africa. They were tiny seed, but, like the mustard seed, they grew to be great trees, and demonstrated that old proverb, "Whatsover a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

When the constitution of the United States was framed every state believed she had a perfect right to secede, but by 1860 the North had received vast numbers of foreign population, while the South had changed but little. Thus from the different views on "state rights" and slavery, and also because both sides were irritated, came the mightiest struggle ever waged among men—a struggle that caused torrents of the best blood of both the North and South to cover the fair sweet clover fields and blue grass meadows and white cotton fields, made alone for peace. Under this complicated condition of affairs the war was as unavoidable as the deluge, yet as idiotic in its incipiency as the plans of a lunatic. But men will fight until they are educated above it. Not having learned that there is a way of settling disputes peaceably and without bloodshed, those men, in whose veins the same blood was flowing and whose ancestors had stood shoulder to shoulder on a hundred battlefields for freedom, now met in the arena, to arouse again in each others' hearts all the ferocity sleeping there, and to stir to life the fading barbarism of the past.

Again and again did they meet in battle, and each time all the love and brotherhood of the past were forgotten, those sentiments gave place to shouts of hatred; the air was a hornets' nest of screaming shells; thousands of guns poured forth their red-hot messages of death. Day after day did the sun look down on that struggling, heaving mass of humanity, and night after night did the pale light of the moon shine on the upturned faces of the dead. Is it a wonder that for a while, after the cruel war was over, there was ill feeling between the two sections? Could the North forget, in an instant, that the white cotton fields of Georgia were once stained red with Northern blood? Could the South forget, quickly, that the fields of Pennsylvania drank with feverish thirst the rich blood of many a Southern son?

But this great struggle did not bring its curse without its blessing; it has given to the North the strength that always follows victory, rid the land of the curse of slavery and made the Union practically indestructible. The South has, also, received its blessing: It has profited by the lesson of humility, for the South is a land that has drunk of the lees and passed "through the valley of the shadow of death"; a land that has known the humility of defeat and the gibing specters of vanished glory; a land that, like the patient man of Uz, has eaten its ashen crust alone, moistened with its tears; a land that has wept for its slain from the red fields of Gettysburg to the sand-girt plains of the Rio Grande; a land where the weeping willow waves its pendant leaves in tender gloom beside the silent bivouacs of the dead; and yet, a land of chivalry, legend, song and glory.

The reconciliation of the North and the South has been the slow growth of years. But now, thank God, the old wound is entirely healed! The last smouldering embers of sectional acrimony were stamped out by the Spanish-American War. The last barriers between the North and the South crumbled when they saw again their children standing side by side battling for a common cause. The gentle finger of Time has, to a great extent, covered up the signs of devastation wrought by the war; and the younger generation has, through natural channels, united the business and traffic that were interrupted by the war.

And now let time and merciful silence obliterate the last scars of war; let succeeding generations, fostered by the smiles of national prosperity, soften the bitterness of the past and mellow the memory of that mighty struggle, in which each contending host called upon Almighty God to sustain a cause it honestly believed to be just.

G. Ross Holstun.

Camp Hill Industrial Institute, Class of 1912.

OPEN THE DOOR

Open the door of your heart, my lad,
  To the angel of love and truth,
When the world is full of unnumbered joys
  In the beautiful dawn of youth;
Casting aside all things that mar,
  Saying to wrong "Depart!"
To the voices of hope that are calling you
  Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my lass,
  To the things that shall abide,
To the holy thoughts that lift your soul
  Like stars at the eventide.
All the fadeless flowers that bloom
  In the realms of song and art
Are yours if you'll only give them room.
  Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my friend,
  Heedless of class and creed,
When you hear the cry of a brother's voice,
  The sob of a soul in need.
To the singing heavens that o'er you bend
  You need no map nor chart,
But only the love of the Master.
  Open the door of your heart.

—*Edward Everett Hale.*

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Tour Two

England, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Holland, the Rhine, Belgium.

By the "Teutonic" from Montreal, June 28, or the "Arabic" from Boston, July 1, 1913. Route as per Tour One to Paris. Thence to Geneva, Chillon, Interlaken, Lauterbrunnen, Wengern Alp, Grindelwald, Brienz, Brünig Pass, Lucerne, Rhigi, Bâle, Heidelberg, Mayence, the Rhine to Cologne, Amsterdam, Isle of Marken, Hague, Scheveningen, Brussels, Antwerp. Red Star steamship, arriving in Boston August 17.

Cost, 51 days, all included, $400.

Tour Three

England, Scotland, France, Belgium, Holland, the Rhine, Switzerland, Italy.

By the "Teutonic" from Montreal, June 28, or the "Arabic" from Boston, July 1, 1913. Route as per Tour One to Paris. Thence to Brussels, Antwerp, The Hague, Amsterdam, Scheveningen, Isle of Marken, Cologne, the Rhine to Mayence, Heidelberg, Basle, Berne, Interlaken, Lauterbrunnen, and Grindelwald, Meiringen, Brünig Pass, Lucerne, Rhigi, via St. Gotthard Tunnel to Lugano, Bellagio, Como, Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, Pompeii. White Star steamship ($90 berth included) to Boston, via the Azores, arriving in Boston September 1.

Cost, 65 days, all included, $540.

Tour Four

England, Scotland, Paris, Brittany and the French Château District.

By the "Teutonic" from Montreal, June 28, or the "Arabic" from Boston, July 1, 1913. Route same as Tour One to Paris. From Paris to Rouen, Normandy. Thence tour in Brittany, Caen, Avranches, Pontorson, Mont-St.Michel, Brest, Quimper, Auray (Carnac), Nantes, Angers, Tours, and the Château country of France; motor excursion to Chenonceaux, Chambord, Blois, etc.; Orleans, Paris, Brussels, Antwerp. Red Star liner for Boston, arriving August 17.

Cost, 51 days, all included, $400.

Tour Five

Brittany, Touraine, Pyrenees, Spain.

By the "Teutonic" from Montreal, June 28, or the "Arabic" from Boston, July 1, 1913. Route same as Tour Four to Blois (August 4). Thence to Bordeaux, Pau in the Pyrenees, Lourdes, Biarritz, Burgos, Madrid, Escorial, Toledo, Cordova, Seville, Granada, Alhambra, Gibraltar, sailing by Cunard or North German Lloyd steamer ($90 passage included), arriving in New York August 30.

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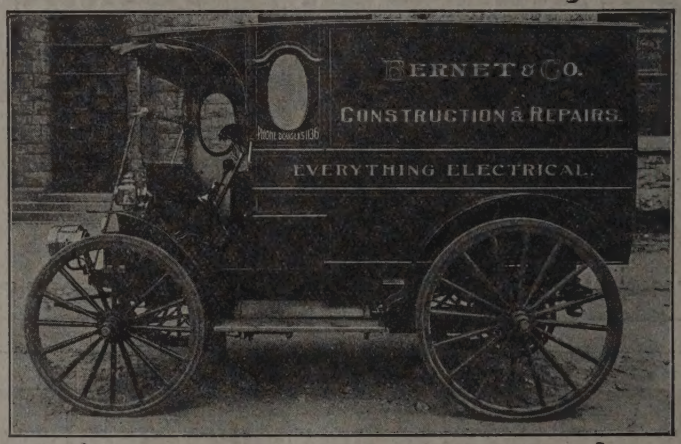

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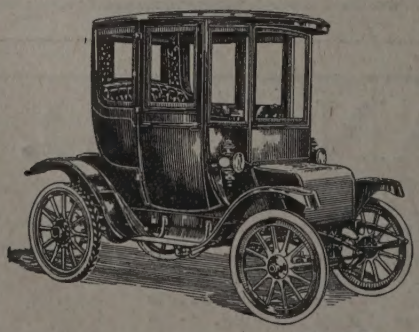

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